12

SANDERS A VIGILANTE. Montana's Senator Tells of the Days When Lynch Law Reigned.

DEATH OF THE FAMOUS SLADE.

He Was Hanged on a Charge of High

benefit of the clergy."

Were you present at the execution of the notorious Slade?" asked one of the gentle-

"Yes," replied the Montana Senator, "and I could tell you a story about that execution. That was the one instance where the gentleman whom we assisted in making his exit was neither thief nor murderer-or, at least, that was not the crime for which he was hung."

"What was his crime?" again asked the gentleman.

"We executed Mr. Slade for treason high treason against the Territory of Montana," replied Sanders, thoughtfully, "and thereby hangs a tale.

A Charge That Caused Trouble,

"As you know, I was chief of the Vigilance Committee, and we had successfully engineered about 40 or 50 hangings, when we became imbued with the idea that a little more lawful form of government would be to the better interests of our camp, Virginia City, then having about 10,000 population. So, one evening, we gathered together on the outskirts of the town in an informal mass meeting, and proceeded to choose from among ourselves officers for our local government. Our organization was the simplest thing in the world. We would turn to one of our members and say, 'You are a pretty square sort of fellow, and we know you to be as straight as a string, so you shall be our Judge,' and to another, 'You are a heavy-built chap and have plenty of grit, and you shall be Marshal.' I was District Attorney because I had a smattering of law, and it was upon my affidavits that all war-rants were issued. It seems strange in these days to think of constituting a court in such an off-hand way and without the slight-est vestige of Federal authority; but we did it, and our court was respected by all the citizens of Virginia City, Mon. That is, most all of them. For a time all went well, but after a while, when they found we were not hanging so frequently as before, the lawless element grew bolder and more aggressive.

## S'ade the Leader of the Toughs.

"The leader of this tough part of our population was Mr. Siade. I had known him for a long time and we were the best of triends. He was warm-hearted and a pow-erful triend to those he liked, but a pertect devil to those who had incurred his displeasure. I have seen him come into a pleasure. I have seen him come into a saloon where perhaps 50 men were en-gaged in playing billiards, cards, etc., and insist that everything should stop st once and that they all drink with him. He would line them all up to the bar and gen-erally had me next to him. He would would line them all up to he bar and geninstead of drinking with them, would wait until they had finished, when he would bring his glass on a level with his eyes, and about a foot from it, and stare, stare, stare at it with terrible intentness for two or three minutes. Then suddenly he would raise the glass, dash it from him with terrific force at the mirror, the floor, the barkeeper or anything that seemed to strike his tancy, and draw his revolver and begin shooting indiscriminately. I would say to him, 'Slade, give me that pistol,' and in a minute he would hand me his gun and quiet down. "I suppose I have done that same thing ten or a dozen times. I never could under-stand him at such times. He was not after anyone with deadly intent. He simply seemed to be seized with a mad passion which he could not control. He was the recognized leader of the toughs, and had

CHAPTER L

AT THE TABLE.

It was evening at Monte Carlo. The

moonlight fell on the clear waters of the

Mediterranean, turning its bosom to a rip-

pling mass of gold; it topped the mountained

which skirted the bay, and shone weirdly

flood of light was the gilded, minaretted

On the evening in question it was crowded.

The season was at its height. Every chair

at the tables in the salle de jeu was occu-

pied, and behind them stood a motley crowd

of onlookers, who eagerly watched the

roulette wheel. Men of many nationalities

were there. Dark Italians rubbed shoulder

with portly, middle-class Englishmen

globe-trotting Americans stood side by side

with Germans or Russians; and the women

-they were of all types, of all ages. There

was the languid society dame, who was

"doing" Monte Carlo, and had looked in at

the Casino and staked a few pieces just for

the fun of the thing; there was the matron-

ly wite of the British merchant with her

fresh-faced daughter at her side, and, lastly,

there were the women who played for gain,

to whom the Casino was no place in which

to spend an idle, curious hour. They threw

their stakes with eager haste, and strove in

vain to conceal the greed with which they

clutched their winnings, the despair with which they bore their losses. Bound a table near the center of the hall

a crowd had gathered to watch the play of

two men. One was a boyish looking En-

heavily. At last, with nervous haste, h cried, "A hundred napoleons on the black,"

and flung the golden heap defiantly on the table. The onlookers were too much occu-

pied with the game to note his wild eye and

despairing face. The stake was his last, though he alone knew it. Up from his heart rose a fierce hope which was almost a

prayer, that his luck might change and ruin

The wheel went round, the bloodsho

blue eyes of the Englishman followed it with agonizing intensity. At last it stopped, and the croupier announced that

black had lost. With a muttered exclamation, the English

averted.

on thick olive groves. Conspicuous in th

roof of the Casino.

about a dozen satellites always on hand to do his bidding. A favorite diversion of theirs was to dash down the mountainside theirs was to dash down the mountainside from their cabin homes, load up at the first convenient saioon, and proceed to some house of pleasure, all the time getting drunker and drunker. In the morning, when the peaceful citizen got up, they would see a pile of logs, not one left stand-ing, and a group of shivering and crying women. This scheme of demolishing houses was the principal pastime of this lawless crowd. Finally Kicked on Fines.

He was Hanged on a Charge of High Treason to the Territory.
 Finally Kicked on Fines.
 "One morning, after we had organized our court, news came that Mr. Slade and his chosen friends had spent a night at a disreputable house, and in the morning de-stroyced it as usual. We sent our Marshal with instructions to arrest Slade and bring him to court. In due time they both ap-peared. Slade peaceable enough and very gentlemen were sitting in his committee room not long since listening to his tales of the early history of Montana, when the mining fever was at its height. The talk turned on the different doings of the Vigi-lantes of which Senator Sanders was a leader. "Yes," said the Senator, retro-spectively, "I have assisted in a good many send-offs when a robber or murderer was launched into another world without the benefit of the clergy."

the preceding levy. "On one occasion, when the fine had reached the sum of \$400, Mr. Slade said he had not that amount with him, but would bring it in the next time he came to town. He acknowledged our power, and didn't care for money, as he was a man who made it easily. Well, he came to town several times after that, but did not offer to pay the \$400. It was not in his nature to long re-main quiet, and soon he was again in trouble for a like offense. Our Marshal brought him to the courtroom, which was a portion of a grocery store, with barrels of flour and grain around the floor and bacon and hams grain around the noor and oncon and mans suspended from rafters. We used soap boxes instead of chairs, and were not a very imposing assemblage. Mr. Slade came in peaceably enough, and stood quietly while the Court directed the Marshai to read the

## warrant.

Declined to Play Any Longer. "As the Marshal pulled out the document Slade, quick as a flash, sprang at him and jerked it out of his hands, at the same time leveling a revolver at the heart of His Honor. It was all done in a second, and the six or eight henchmen of the tough had also drawn their pistols at the same time. 'Now,' said Mr. Slader 'I am about tired of this business. I am not going to be drained any more, and I am not going to recognize your authority, nor shall I pay that \$400. I

your authority, hor shall 1 pay that \$400, 1 shall hold you personally responsible for my personal safety, and if any of your com-mittee attempts to touch me I will blow your heart out.' "While he was speaking I was thinking, and before he had concluded quietly turned and walked out, as if thinking of something else. I walked out on the street, and the first man I met was a member of our Vigilance Committee. I explained the situation to him, and asked him to get on his horse and ride to a camp about two miles away and tell the boys we needed He set off in post haste, and I turned them. back toward the courtroom. Just as I turned around I came face to face with Slade and his followers, who had walked boldly out of court soon after I came away. 'Come in and have something, Sanders,' called the irrepressible. I said to him, 'Slade, get on your horse and go home as fast as you can.'

### A Warning That Went Unherded.

"What do you mean? Why do you tell

me that?' demanded Slade. "'Never mind what I mean?' I replied; 'get on your horse and go home.' "He didn't get on his horse and go home, but he got on his horse and rode all through town, bringing up at last at the courtroom. He was inclined to be very proud of his defiance of the orders of the court, and was insulting to His Honze who was will there insulting to His Honor, who was still there. He was swaggering around the store, when I happened to look out of the window and I happened to look out of the window and saw that the house was surrounded by armed men. The next minute they were in the room and one of them was saying: 'We want you, Mr. Slade.' He turned pale and weakened at once. A crowd of his captors surrounded him,

of government. When Slade heard of this he sent a messenger for me to come to him at once and make a speech in his behalf. I knew that it would be worse than useless for me to do so, and refused to go on a fool's errand. Then he sent me to our Judge with a similar request, but the Judge, knowing that he was powerless to prevent the execution, declined to see him. So Mr. Slade was taken to a hill overlooking a guich, and a noose from a gallows MYSTERY OF TULARE. Mr. Slade was taken to a hill overlooking a gulch, and a noose from a gallows (used to slaughter sheep) slipped around his neck and a barrel placed under him. Just as he was about to be swung off, the noise of a horse's hoofs was heard and a mounted woman appeared in the distance coming at a breakneck speed. It was Slade's wife; but by the time she arrived upon the scene around which 3.000

THE PITTSBURG

arrived upon the scene, around which 2,000 people wers gathered, the barrel had been kicked from under him, and Mr. Slade was "That is the story of the execution, and a

singular one it was." During the recital of these stirring events Senator Sanders seemed to forget his surroundings and to be living over again the scenes which he was depicting to his interested listeners.

# NEW SUMMER BOOKS.

Following are among the late publications received by THE DISPATCH during the week:

"When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie. Lovell, Corvell & Co., New York. Fleishman & Co., Pittsburg. "Of the World Worldly," by Mrs. Forrester. Lovell, Coryell & Ca., New York.

Fleishman, Pittsburg. "Come Live With Me and Be My Love;" an English pastoral, by Robert Buchanan. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. Fleish-

man & Co., Pittsburg. "A Window in Thrums," by J. M. Barrie. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. Fleishman & Co., Pittsburg.

"L'Ombra," by B. M. Sherman, from the French of A. Gennevray. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. Fleishman & Co., Pitts-An American statesman, "The Works and Words of James G. Blaine," by Willis Fletcher Johnson, A. M. Augusta Publish-

"The Little Lady of Lagunitas," by "The Little Lady of Lagunitas," by Richard H. Savage, author of "My Official Wife." American News Company, pub-lishers. For sale by Pittsburg News Com-

pany.
"The Doings of Raffles Haw,"by A. Conan Doyle. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.
A. W. McCloy, Pittsburg.
"A Son of Esau," by Minnie Gilmore. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. A. W.

McCloy, Pittsburg, Pa. "Slaves of the Sawdust," by Amy Reade. Hovendon Company, New York. Fleish-man & Co., Pittsburg. "Angels' Visits to My Farm in Florida," by Golden Light. Lovell & Co., New York.

York. "Love for an Hour Is Love Forever,"

Amelia Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co. R. S. Davis, Pittsburg, Pa. "A Colony of Girls," by Kate Livingstone Williard. Dodd, Mead & Co. R. S. Davis, Ditteburg Pa

Pittsburg, Pa. "A Highland Chronicle," by S. Bayard Dod. Dodd, Mead & Co. E. S. Davis,

Dod. Dodd, Mead & Co. R. S. Davis, Pittsburg. "The Head of the Firm," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. A. W. McCloy, Pittsburg. "Auld Licht-Idylls," by J. M. Barrie, author of "When a Maa's Single," "A Win-dow in Thrums. Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. A. W. McCloy, Pittsburg. "Lecture on English Poets," by William Hazlit. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; R. S. Davis & Co., Pittsburg. "The Art of Entertaining," by M. E. W. Sherwood. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; R. S. Davis, Pittsburg. R. S. Davis, Pittsburg.

Lake Chautauqua and Return, 85 00.

Secret Discovered Under the Famous California Lake. NOT BEEN LONG IN EXISTENCE.

DISPATCH, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1892

in.

Evidence That the Body of Water Has Been There Only 200 Years.

PRESERVED TRUNKS OF ANCIENT TREES

FRESNO, Aug. 10.-The low stage of the water in Lake Tulare has brought to notice a fact which appears to have considerable value in pointing out an important geo-graphical change in Central California within comparatively recent times. Where the waters have receded a grove of stumps and broken trees have been brought to view, partly buried in the mud. They evidently grew where they now are found. Some of the trees lie prostrate on the bottom of the lake, while fragments of others still stand as stumps and snags. But the roots of all are yet fast in the soil, where in some past age they flourished as members of a forest. Those that are now prostrate were evidently torn up by the roots, and the waters of the lake have never moved from where they fell, although they have been under water centuries, perhaps. Others are still standing upright, although their branches have disappeared and only the broken trunks remain like snags in the water.

Lake Tulare has been undergoing a steady change since the waters of the rivers that feed it have been led away for irrigation purposes. As is generally known the lake lies in the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley, and has no outlet. It is fed by Kings river, Tulare river, Tule river, Kaweah river, and other smaller streams that come in from the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the east.

When First Known to Americans.

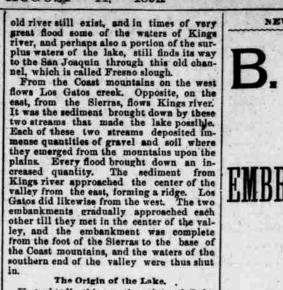
When this lake first became known to Americans it was more than 30 miles long and nearly the same distance in width, and contained no less than 1,000 square miles. In seasons of drought it was probably somewhat smaller, while in seasons of much rain its size was very much greater. The waters were diminished by evaporation, except, perhaps, in times of very great floods, when a portion of the surplus might have overflowed the plains into the San Joaquin river, 50 miles distant.

When irrigation of the plains of Fresh and Tulare counties was commenced the water was led away from the rivers and was taken out upon the plains. By this means the quantity which the lake annually received grew less, and since evaporation went on as usual the natural consequence was that the lake began to recede.

was that the lake began to recede. It never was deep, not over 40 feet, per-haps. At the present time it is only a fraction of its former depth. It has shrunken away on account of the cutting off of its supply of water from the rivers until Lake Tulare exists now practically in name. It occupies the shallow depression in the low-est part of the valley, while what formerly was the bottom of the lake is now wheat land and orchard. and and orchard.

Just on the edge of the water the remnant of the grove of trees is found. Here is where the great geographical change is sug-gested. The trees evidently grew on dry ground. They could not have grown under

water. When they were growing Lake Tulare could not have been in existence. The trees are older than the lake. They are willow, and some of them are two feet or more in diameter, such as now grow in the bottom land along Kings river. They grew where they are now found, and then the waters of the lake overwhelmed them, and being under water, they have been preserved from decay, and now are brought to view by the receding of the



Undoubtedly this was the origin of Lake Tulare. The waters could no longer escape and collected in the southern end of the valley. The high ridge crossing the valley from side to side is there to speak for itself. As stated, in times of great flood the water till vices to sheight utilized to floor outer As stated, in times of great flood the water still rises to a height sufficient to flow over the lowest part of the ridge and by this exit reaches the San Joaquin. The ridge is not a narrow one, but is many miles wide, slop-ing gradually off to the south and north. It is not now difficult to account for the submerged grove of trees in the bottom of the lake. Before the two embankments of the lake. Before the two embankments of sediment, approaching from the east and west, met in the center, there was nothing to hinder the waters from the rivers farther south from flowing out to the San Josquin. But suddenly, we may suppose, a flood probably larger than the usual came down Los Gatos and Kings rivers, bearing drift and sand, and the last gap in the embank-ment was filled and the channel for the escape of the waters from the southern part

scape of the waters from the southern part of the valley was closed. The lake would be formed immediately. The trees would be covered with water as they stood. The

be covered with water as they stood. The water would preserve them from decay, and here now, with the receding of the water of the lake, they are found. Thus, perhaps, an important chapter in the past history of California geology and geography may be learned. It is probable that Lake Tulare did not exist 200 years

large lot of merchandise would require too much newspaper Old Soldiers' Picnic,

money, and therefore don't describe it-simply say that the

George Kros were arrested by the South side police last evening for jumping on out-going trains on the Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston road.



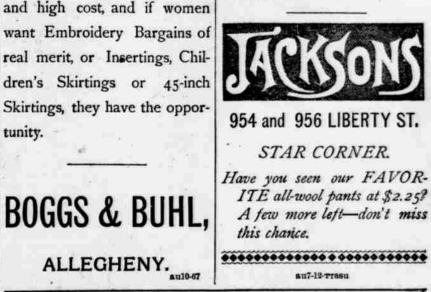
HOW OLD I LOOK, AND NOT YET THIRTY !" Many women fade early, simply because they do not take proper care of themselves. Whirled along in the excitements of fashion-able life, they overlook those minor aliments Health and Beauty. At the first symptom of vital weakness, use

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Compound



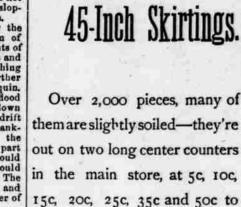
Costly Thy Habits as Thy Purse Can Buy.-Shak.

ITS a pity that the immortal bard didn't live long enough to see what faultlessly, finefitting, handsomely made, perfectly finished suits we can place at your disposal for \$8. \$10 and \$12. He once remarked, "The apparel oft proclaims the man." Had he seen our home-made suits he would have said, "That's the kind of apparel to proclaim the man." We are now clearing out our entire stock that's left to make room for fall stock. We need and must have room. No sacrifice too great to gain our end. Come at once.



tunity.

Post 128, G. A. R., will hold their annual pionic at Ross Grove to-morrow. Almost the entire post will attend, taking with them their wives and families. Games, sports and general sociability will be the features of the occasion. space and cost us too much Train Jumpers Arrested. goods are all good, many fine Mike Giger, John Reminsnyder and



\$1 a yard; description of this

and I left him safe in their keeping. I went home, and was not there five minutes when one of the vigilantes came up and said: 'Mr. Sanders, the boys have about concluded that they won't be bothered with Mr. Slade any longer, and as there is no place to keep him safely, they are going to hang him whether the court wills it or not." I hurried to the courtroom and saw the Judge and the marshal and several others, and after a conference we agreed that as Slade was bound to hang whether by our wishes or not it was better to have him executed by order of the court, and thus preserve our hold on the community.

Sentenced for High Treason.

silvery melody followed him as he went ou

A GAMBLER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

"We sentenced him to death for high treason for inciting others to rebellion and for himself seeking to overthrow our form

Why Not to You?

You certainly want good boarders and roomers. How to secure them. A few small adjets in The Disparch cent-a-word adver-tising columns has sent them to others. Why not to you! Excursion to Atlantic City

Via B. & O. R. R. on Thursday, August 11 Rate \$10 the round trip, and tickets rood for 12 days and good to top at Washington City. Trains leave Pittsburg at 8 a. x. and

WHEN going to Canton, O., stop at the Barnett House; strictly first-class; refitted and refurnished throughout. Elegant sample rooms. Rates, \$2 60 and \$2 50.

SWALL in size, great in results; De With Little EarlyRisers. Best pill for constipation best for sick headache and sour stomach.

waters. Not Long in Existence There seems to be but one theory by

which the existence of the submerged grove may be accounted for. The time may not have been very long ago when Lake Tulare did not exist. There is no dispute as to its origin by those who have investigated the subject. The causes are visible. There was a time when the waters of Kings, Tulare Tule and Kaweah rivers all flowed north ward unobstructed and reached the ocean through the channel of the San Joaquin. through the channel of the San Joaquin. The rivers that now discharge their waters into Lake Tulare then probably emptied into one river somewhere in the vicinity of the present lake, and from there flowed northward along the lowest part of the val-ley and reached the San Joaquin near the present town of Mendota, formerly Whites Brides. The channel or channels of this

would next meet, he would have stayed his

CHAPTER IL

THE WAGES OF SIN.

of former loveliness; it was still beautiful.

There was a private view at the D-

The roses will return to your cheeks, sallow looks depart, spirits brighten, your step be-come firm, and back and head aches will be known no more. Your appetite will gain, and the food nourish you. The Compound is sold by all Draggists as a standard article, or sont by wall be form of Fulls or Lorenza.

or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. For the cure of Kidney Complaints, either sex, the Compound has no rival.

Send two 2-cent stamps for Mrs. Pinkham's beautiful 88-page illustrated book, entitled "GUIDE TO HEALTH AND ETIQUETTE." It conteins a volume of valuable information. It has saved lives, and may save yours.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

did not love her now, her tears and en-treaties had wearied him. She was not Baden, and we struck up a kind of friend-"At Baden. Is he still there, do yo

> He wrote to me a short time ago and asked a loan. He's in low water again, I fear. The letter was dated from some place in the neighborhood of Islington, 15 China Crescent. I remember the address because of the alliteration, and the number because the letter came on the 15th of last month. However, I did not mean to bore you by However, I did not mean to bore you by talking so much about a complete stranger. Glad you like my picture. Why did you not exhibit this year? Good morning." He bustled off to greet a wealthy patron of art who had just entered, and Mrs. Carl left the gallery. Her home was a tiny house in an old suburb. It was a house which had stood for nearly 200 years, and its wells wors paneled its stirgerse and

> its walls were paneled, its staircase and chimney pieces rich with carving. At the end of the long straggling garden a studio had been built.

gallery. The usual artistic and fashionable All the evening the artist sat brooding over the fire thinking of the past-of her youth, her love, her marriage, of her part-ing with Derrick, of the bitter uphill strug-gle which followed, of the ease and fame erowd filled the rooms. Conspicuous among them was a tall, pale woman, dressed in some clinging gray stuff. She was considerably over 30, and streaks of gray mixed with her waving brown hair. Her face told he had won at last.

him?"

ave.

Then he fell back moaning.

Lydia, little wife, come back."

despite the lines which furrowed the broad brow and curved round the firm mouth. A little whisper followed this woman a she went. "That is Mrs. Carl, the artist.

Her work is much admired by a certain school." She paused in the end room and stopped

before a large canvas. It represented a gaming room. There was the scene she had such bitter cause to remember-the crowd of eager onlookers, the intent faces of the of eager onlookers, the intent faces of the players, the weary, impassive expression the croupier wore, the little piles of gold and silver which lay on the tables. The picture brought back the past so vividly. For Mrs. Carl, the artist, was none other than Lydia Locke, who had parted from her husbad at Monte Carlo 15 years before. She stood transfixed, her gray eyes dilated; a warm, bright spot on each thin cheek. She was looking at the figure on the canvas. It was that of a man who sat at the table in It was that of a man who sat at the table in the foreground. He had evidently just lost a large sum of money. His face was de-spairing, and his hand was outstretched as though to stay the eroupier, who was sweeping the golden pile into the bank.

It was Derrick's face. She grasped the rail in front of her and tried to keep from trembling. She had not known till now that her love had lived and

grown through so many years. "Well, Mrs, Carl, admiring my picture?" She turned and greeted a dapper little man, cherry of face and quick of gesture. "Yee," she said mechanically. "Mr. Dan-ton, who is that man in the foreground?

Tes, who is that man in the foreground?
What a striking face.".
"Is it not? Poor fellow, I always feel rather sorry for him, though he is a hopeleas ne'er-do-well. Known at every gaming resort on the continent, lives by play and has a reputation of the shadiest. Two or three times he has won a small fortune, and each time squandered it. I met him at
too used to stokness to be shocked at any-tion so include the stoke of the shocked at any-tion. Shocked at any-tion of the shocked at any-tion of the shocked at any-tion. Shocked at any-tion we have a dying man in the house. The fever's not so catching, so Dr. Keating says; but all the same my bill has been in the window three weeks and not a sign of letting."

know?" she asked in a voice that tried to be indifferent. "Oh, no! I believe he is in London now.

that moment he was her lover, the hus-band of her youth, and all else was forgotten.

Next day she put on a quiet black dress and bonnet and went to China Crescent.

It was a dreary place, situated in a most depressing neighborhood. The houses were tall and gloomy, their dgly stucco faces grimmed with London soot. Each house had in front an untidy strip of garden, in which a face head place is storagiled for a wakes up so." ides of her being straid of Derrick. He would not live, she could see that in the doctor's face, but she prayed that he might know her and say one kind word before he which a few hardy plants struggled for ex-istence. No, 15 was even more dirty than its neighbors; in the window of the ground floor room was a bill signifying that anart-ments were to be let within. Lydia climbed died. Two days passed away. All through the long hours he had slept fittully, and when he awoke had been delirious. He babbled the flight of steps which led to the door and rang the bell. In a few moments a slatternly servant answered it.

of other days—days at Monte Carlo before she left him; days and months and years since, in which she had no part; of which she knew nothing. But the theme was always the same-the rage for play. "A hundred on the red!" he cried wildly,

Missus." Derrick's wife stood in the gloomy por-tice with a sinking heart. Had he, indeed, fallen so low as this! The ugly house, the shabby, narrow hall, the untidy, slipshod servant were evidences of a life so meager sitting up in bed and throwing out his arms. "No, 500; it's worth risking." "I lose the stake. Of course I do. My that her artist soul revolted. luck has gone, my system is rotten, rotten,

She was roused from her reverie by the mistress of the house-a tall woman, with keen, restless eyes.

"You are the nurse, I suppose," she said with a swift glance at the stranger's plain black gown and bonnet. "Dr. Keating said he'd send one. Step in if you please."

She led the way to the dining room. "Mr. Locke's very bad," she began, vol-ubly. "You must be prepared for the worst; though, of course, you nurses are too used to sickness to be shocked at any-

Lydia, little wife, come back." It was the third night, and Derrick had fallen into a restless sleep. Worn with watching, Lydia leaned back in the arm-chair by the bed and closed her eyes. After awhile a strange feeling, the feeling that other eyes were fixed on her, made her open

Her gaze met Derrick's. All the fever had faded from Dis face

W E'D rather take \$5 to \$10 less for our Made-to-Measure Suits than to come and \$25 Suits better value than ever. Same can be said of the \$5, \$6 and \$7 Trousers-several dollars reduced.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

ANDERSON BLOCK.

leaving it ghastly. But his eyes were calm not bare ber heart to this loquacious, hard-

Jy9

featured woman; she would trust to chance and, if necessary, tell the doctor the truth. and they knew her. "Lyddy," he cried weakly, using the pet name of old days. "Come here." She went and sat by his side and fondled With this resolve she followed the landlady upstairs to a room at the top of the house, the door of which that person flung open and then scuttled down stairs. the wasted hand, and rested the poor tired head on her shoulder.

nead on her shoulder. The night light sent a sickly flicker over the shabby room; the fire shot up a ruddy tongne of flame now and then; the house and street were very still during those hours Lydia gave one comprehensive glance around the untidy room, and then crossed to the bed. On it a man lay asleep. It was Derrick, indeed, but how changed! His of reconciliation.

berrick, indeed, but now changed! His checks were wasted and bright with fever, his beard was ragged, and the matted hair, which was tossed back from his hot brow, was thick with silver. She fell on her knees by the bed and burst into tears. At Derrick spoke in disconnected whispers of the long years which parted them, of the shipwreck he had made of his life-that life which was so surely ebbing away.

Yet Lydis, now that they were so near each other, suffered herself to hope that he would recover, that the husband of her youth would be given back.

A gentle tap at the door made her rise quickly. As she turned, a kind looking, elderly man came into the room and glanced He knew better. He knew his race was run. He felt, too, that it were better so. at her interrogatively. "They told me the nurse was here," he said doubtfully, "but They were not fitted, they never had been. She was too pure and good for a sinful soul like his.

"I am his wife," she said, pointing to-ward the bed. "Can you trust me to nurse So he thought as he lay back on the pillows and watched the dawn steal softly over his wife's face. Next day he died. Lydia went back to

"You will be the best nurse he could the world-that world which never dreamt of the tragedy folded away in her heart. And through the long lonely years which followed she grew to think without regret, but with infinite pity, of Derrick, the hus-band whose fatal passion had ruined both Then accepting the situation with perfect tact, the doctor gave her a few directions and went to his patient's side. "Still sleeping. Well, that looks hopeful. He may pull through yet. He has been delirious. You must not be frightened if he

their lives. Left alone, the wife almost smiled at the

#### Distribut in Kentucky.

"There has been a continued tendency to "There has been a continued tendency to bowel disease here this season," says G. W. Shivell, druggist, Wickliffe, Ky., "and an unusual demand for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy. I have sold four bottles of it this morning. Some remarkable dures have been effected by it and in all cases it has proved successful." For sale by druggiets WThSn wrhsu For sale by druggists.

#### Grocers Know a Good Thing.

That's why all process who desire to suit their customers and thereby extend their trade sell the celebrated "Rosalia" and "Our Hest" flours, made by the Iron City Milling Company. Positively no finer flours exist, and their tremendous sales are but a case of true merit justly rewarded. TTS

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM.

rotten. Look at that man! He wins. He gathers in the gold while I am ruined. Why 101 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenue,

don't they take warning by me? There they go. Whirling, twirling, spinning, and I am a beggar. Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$75,000. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and interest allowed at 4 per cent. TTS

#### Frenzsion to Atlantic City

I am a beggar. "She told me so; Lydia told me so. When young Hanson blew his brains out the said that I should come to it, too. I'm not sure that, after all, it wouldn't be the best thing. I'll end it all. Why did she leave me? I didn't treat her well. I served her cruelly. Via B. & O. R. R. on Thursday, August IL. Rate \$10 the round trip, and tiexets good for 12 days and good to stop at Washington City. Trains leave Pittsburg at 8 A. M. and 930 P. M.

## "A Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned."

Deposit your money with the People's Savings Bank, \$1 Fourth avenue. Interest

To kill fleas on animals use Bugine, with in atomizer, and 10 minutes after wash animal with soap and water. It never falls.

into the garden and threw himself on a wooden bench under a plane tree. "It is all up with me," he muttered, and gave a last look at the fair scene before him, the dancing waters and starry, blue sky, the stately palms and richly flowering plants by which he was surrounded. A moment after, the crack of a revolver startled the summer

ine orack of a revolver startled the summer air, and there in the scented garded a man lay dead. But the dreamy Strauss walty went on, and the roulette wheel kept twiri-ing. Not one ear in the Casino had wakened to the death shot. The other man at the table was English

too, but of a different type. His eyes were bold and dark. There was a little curious grace about his tall figure, and the silky blach mustache scarcely veiled the cruel outline of his firm set mouth.

All eyes were attracted to him. His luck was marvelous. He won stake after stake; each success made him bolder, till at last the bank was compelled for its own safety to reduce the stake he tried to hazard.

Murmurs ran round the room. "He's a fool to keep on playing." said one. "He's made a regular pile. If I were ae I'd be content."

"Pooh!" returned his friend, "the man is not a fool. "He's got a run of luck and knows it. He'll break the bank before the

evening is over." The dark Englishman caught the words The dark Englishman caught the words and smiled triumphantly. Again he threw, this time for so large a stake that the on-lookers held their breath. "Rouge," he cried. For a moment the bankers besitated, then, as if imbued with the spirit of chance, allowed the game to

go on. "Noir," said the croupier in a moment, and impassively raked in the clinking, glittering pile of gold.

glishman, with a fresh, fair skin and a bload mustache, which partly hid the ir-resolute mouth beneath. He was losing The Englishman rose from the table, The Englishman rose from the table, with a little annoyed laugh. "I could afford to lose a stake, though that was a big one," he said, and strolled out of the building. He went in the direction of Monneo. He

passed through the new town, with its spotless, red-roofed houses, till he came to the archway which is the entrance of the conneeting footpath between old and new Monaco. He ben, his steps toward a small, rather shabby-locking hotel which stood at the top of a steep hill. He entered, and, going upstairs, opened the door of a room, on the second floor. It was a gay room, half sleeping place, half boudoir. In a re-cess stood a bed, closely curtained with thick muslin; for the rest, it was quite un-With a muttered exclamation, the English-man pushed back his chair and lett the iable. For a few moments he walked rest-lessiy up and down the parquet floor, gaz-ing longingly at the tables, as if desirous still, were not his pocket empty, of tempt-ing fortune. At last he crossed the vesti-bule into the music hall. The band was playing a dreamy waltz by Strauss. Its

reached from floor to ceiling at one end of the room. The effect, though, doubless, by daylight garish enough, was not un-plement in the soft candle light. On the sofa lay a woman clothed in black. She was asleen. The tears glistened undried on her cheeks, and now and then a little sobbing breath broke from her. The men turned away impatiantly.

the window.

"Is that you, Derrick?" "Yes."

"I'm so glad you have come. The most dreadful thing has happened. Mr. Hanson shot himself in the gardens of the Casino this evening. They brought his body back to the hotel only a few minutes ago. And that poor young wife is distracted. You were at the Casino, Derrick. Did you hear

of it?

of it?" "No," he said slowly. "But I left early and did not hurry home." "By Jove!" he went on, lightly shaking off his horror, "what a fool young Hanson was. His losses at the tables to-night did not finish him. He dropped a considerable sum to me at baccarat before going into Monte Carlo."

The woman's face grew white, "Then you," she gasped, "you drove him to his death."

"That is a rather severe way of putting "It is dreadful," she moaned. "Oh, Der-rick, why did we ever come to this terrible

"Don't be dramatic," he said impatiently,

"Look here!" He turned out his pockets on the table, and exultingly pointed to the heap of gold and the crisp bank notes.

But his wife shuddered. "Promise me, Derrick," she cried pas-sionately, "never to gamble again. Pay Mrs. Hanson the money you won from her husband and let us go back to England."

He laughed contemptuously. "You are Quixotic, Lydia. I shall cer-tainly not pay back lawful winnings, nor shall I leave the tables. My system is in-fallible. I mean to break the bank before turning my back on Monte Carlo."

"Then we must part," she said firmly. "God alone knows the wretchedness that has been mine since this fatal passion has possessed you. Success cannot last. Some day you will be ruined. You will be brought home dead, as Mr. Hanson was to-night. The grief of his wife made me decide that I

would not risk the chance of such a fate. Derrick, dear, for the sake of our love, of

What you have won to-night, added to the residue of my fortune, will keep us in com-fort."

fort." "In a suburban villa," he sneered. "That is not my idea of comfort." "Then you wish me to leave you. Be-lleve me, this is not a sudden resolve. I have thought deeply over the step, and cannot live with you unless you will aban-don that which will be your ruin." He turned and looked at the pale face of the woman he had once loved so much. He

treaties had wearied him. She was not fitted, this grave, proud English girl, to shine in the gay, dubious continental set in which he moved. "You may please yourself. And now, good night. Larrone asked me to supper, and I may as well go. If it be too late to return to the hotel, he will put me up. I shall see you in the morning." sobbing breath broke from her. The man turned away impatiently, "Fretting again," he muttered, angrily, erossing to the window. "By heavens, it's enough to try the patience of an angel." With a start she woke up and looked with frightened gray eyes at the figure by shall see you in the morning." "I shall be gone. This is our parting. Will you not kiss me, Derrick? You are breaking my heart by your coldness." He lightly kissed her brow and left the room. To do him justice, he did not be-lieve she would really go. Could he have seen into the future, and known under what circumstances they

steps.